

## AT WORK.

(Continued from first page.)

and baby. Show the parent how to rinse the bottle and turn the nipple inside out so as to cleanse it thoroughly.

## ON THE PHYSICIAN'S BOUNDS.

Nell Nelson Accompanies One of the Corps and Describes the Day's Work.

Dr. Freeman, a member of the corps, started early on his rounds in a downtown district, and I went with him. It was 9 by the gilded clock in Kidley's when we turned into Essex street. The first call was made at No. 1.

No children on the lower floor. In the rear flat on the second floor, a pale-faced woman with sunken eyes and colorless lips came to the door.

"Any sick children?" inquired the doctor, with a pleasant good morning.

"No, I buried my little one yesterday," she said, and sadly turned away to finish folding the little cotton dresses.

## THE FIRST PATIENT.

In the adjoining room we found a mother and her three little children, aged three years, eighteen months and twelve weeks respectively. An oil stove and a rocking chair were all the furniture the room contained. One little child lay on a straw pillow in the rocker, and on the floor were the sad-faced mother and her dimple-cheeked black-eyed boys, beautiful and winsome in spite of their poverty. The only article of any value about the place was the wedding-ring on the mother's left hand. She was in her bare feet; so were the children. The emaciated babe lay wrapped in a piece of honeycomb quilt. Its eyes were closed and we could almost count the throbbing pulse in the little temple.

"Have I a doctor?" Ah, no. Doctors cost money. We have none. My husband makes button-holes in the shop. He earns \$10 a month sometimes."

Dr. Freeman wrote a prescription, and when he told her the medicine would not cost even a penny, she raised her face to the smoke-streaked ceiling and I thought I could hear the silent prayer that moved her lips. Then her eyes filled, and when her mischievous little girl made a grab at the doctor's pencil a faint smile drove her tears back.

I can't begin to tell you of the poverty of that home.

There was no table in the room—nothing but sickness, poverty, want—and yet the little girl won our hearts and her little brother was as gay as a bobolink.

In the next tenement we found a gentle-voiced patriarch at a little table, with one book and eighteen small boys, to whom he was giving a lesson in Hebrew.

"All well, praise be to Jehovah," he said in reply to the doctor.

On our way up the ladder-like stairs of No. 1, Essex, we came upon a Russian mother only thirty-eight years of age, in whose face and hair and form the cares of sixty were stamped. She was dressed by the hand a four-year-old boy leading in a nightgown made of cotton flannel, with drawers and waist in one piece, such as children wear in winter.

SUFFERING FROM A CATARACT.

The poor child had cataract of the eye. He had never been taken to a physician, for there were five other children to be fed and cared for, and all the money went for rent. Dr. Freeman wrote the address of an oculist on an Evening World blank, but the mother refused to take it until assured that the specialist would treat the case for nothing.

"And he will give the little one because THE EVENING WORLD asks? Then God bless the paper forever," she said.

Overhead we found five fretting babies, for whom the doctor prescribed a warm bath, a change of food and a ride on the ferryboat.

A SWARM OF CHILDREN.

In No. 1, adjoining, we actually walked over children, who crowded the court that separated the "double deckers," as they are called. The janitor had just washed off the stone paving and the half-naked little ones rolled about and laughed gleefully at their naked limbs and bodies came in contact with the cool black stone.

There were pale-faced girls, sun-browned and gutter-stained little boys, infants red with rash and prickly heat, wizened-faced creatures not yet in their teens carrying younger brothers or sisters and straining every muscle to bear the load. In all the twenty we counted there was not one pair of shoes, stockings, drawers, or rosy cheeks.

A PITIFUL SIGHT.

In the back flat on the ground floor there were two little girls with whooping cough, one three and the other two years of age. The elder, a pretty blue-eyed, yellow-haired child, lay on the floor under the kitchen table in a stupor. She seemed too weak to move, and the doctor lifted her up and tenderly laid her in a chair. While he prescribed for her I watched the other child propel itself across the rough board floor, clad only in a coarse drape, made of old sheeting. Her little heels were red and sore, and there was not flesh enough on the body to cover the ribs. On the floor, in the corner of the room, stood a brown-stone crock, filled with warm water, in which humps of bread were soaking, and this the children ate whenever they were hungry.

When the doctor told her such food was unfit for children, she said: "But you do not know how glad they are not to go hungry."

"Bathe them, doctor? I don't. I have no

tub. There is the bucket for coal and swill, but I cannot get it clean, and the child is worse after being put in than before."

The poor woman was ill, too ill to move about. Her clothes were clean but threadbare, and she was barefoot as well as the creeping child.

The little blue-faced girl was half naked, while a youngster who played in the hall door was stark naked, and so indignant that he refused our pennies.

## AN UNAVOIDABLE BATH.

The sight of his gleaming little body attracted my attention while we were with the last named children, and we reached the back door just in time to see the kind-hearted janitor empty a bucket of cold water over the hapless child. He ran screaming to his mother, who informed us that she was far too dependent to resent the heartless conduct of the man.

## A POOR WIDOW'S LOT.

She was a widow who supported herself and three children washing clothes, by which she managed to get about \$2.50 a week. Out of this she had to pay \$6 rent for a couple of rooms. She had no bedstead, no clothes for herself worthy of the name, and absolutely nothing that proud little tow-headed boy will wear.

In the flat above the misery was even greater, for parents as well as children were suffering. Another little boy was stark naked and just recovering from a fever. His mother told the doctor that he pulled off every thing she dressed him in.

"But, my good woman, the child is not well. You must keep clothes on him. Do you want him to die?"

"He will not die; misery lives on and on," she said sadly.

## A LECTURE ON CHOLERA.

While she was talking a girl of eleven came in with five green apples she had bought for one cent. They were the size of a walnut and harrowing to contemplate. Dr. Freeman bought them from the child and left a lecture on cholera, and a prescription for the feverish little boy.

A boy who lives in the next room has sore eyes, so sore that he can not hold his head up in the open light of day. He begged the doctor to call the patrol and take him to the hospital, and he implored us for "scarifican tickets," although he has but one suspender and no shirt. He is seven, and an ex-dealer in Evening Worlds.

Dr. Freeman made a note of his case, and at the earnest request of the young man examined his mother's feet. One ankle was broken and the other foot badly burned from scalding water. She had them bandaged in rags, and has been sitting in a chair at the window for three months. The furniture in the room consisted of a cook stove, a bed not a yard distant and two chairs.

When asked how she lived, being a widow and dependent on a seventeen-year-old son, who is unable to get employment, she replied "as a dog lives."

## IN AN ESSEX STREET ATTIC.

Up to the top story we followed a slip of a girl eight years old, carrying a five-month baby sister that cried piteously. We expected at every step to see the mite of a mother fall backward, for she seemed scarcely larger than her burden. Arriving at the door, we were admitted by another sister, nine years of age, who was scrubbing the floor. Baby was sick and they did not know what to do for her. They had washed her with brown soap, given her water-melon to eat and had in her dress pocket a piece of ice she got from a boy in the street. While the doctor was giving her some lessons in nursing the mother came in. She had a small butcher's knife in her hand, her head was bound in a couple of kerchiefs and her face was thin and white as this paper.

"God knows I don't neglect my baby," she said. "I have been plucking geese in the market. I get three cents apiece and earn 50 cents a week. It is much to me, for it keeps my children in fresh milk. Yes, I have a husband. He peddles matches and earns from 20 cents to 50 cents a day, but he is sick and my oldest girl has sore eyes. Send her to you? and you will wait for the pay? What, for nothing? and this medicine free? There must be a God! I believe it, I believe."

Three, four, seven, nine, fifteen babies in the next building, pale, puny, hungry, languishing babies dying among the fumes of steaming wash-boilers and ironing-boards, and the poisoned air from dark, dank rooms and sinks.

The doctor was as tender as a human being could be, as faithful and solicitous as though the case was golden-framed, and the adults who begged for assistance and whose suffering he could not alleviate at once were provided with his card and a special hour set for treatment at his office.

We left Essex street at noon, followed by a crowd of half-naked children, hungry, dirty and destitute, clamoring for "scrubbing tickets."

The doctors will have them for future rounds thanks to the St. John's Guild, which has sent \$5,000 for distribution.

In all the rooms, from basement to house-top, in the front and back flats of main and rear buildings, we did not meet with a single case of intemperance. Not one.

NELL NELSON.

## THE DEATH RATE.

One Hundred and Seven Children Have Died Since Yesterday Noon.

The murky atmosphere has had a serious result on children in closely crowded tenement houses for several days, and the death rate has run up pretty high. During the twenty-four hours ending at noon today, 125 deaths were reported to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, at the heavy rate of 1,255 for a week. Of the 175, children under five years of age furnished 147; an unusually heavy proportion of deaths.

Cholera infantum is the chief cause of mor-

ality among the little ones. Dr. Nagle says that poor ventilation, heat and poor nourishment contribute largely to the strikingly fatal disease. The principal causes of death in the aggregate of these 127 children are:

Cholera infantum.....	73
Diarrhea and dysentery.....	16
Diphtheria.....	8
Measles.....	8
Scarlatina.....	2
Other diseases.....	2
Total.....	107

## THAT SOCIAL SEVEN PAIR.

It Will Net About \$100 for the Free Doctor Fund.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The closing of the grand parlor fair in aid of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund, took place last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cohen, 205 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. The counters were kept quite busy and, at 10 o'clock, Mr. Henry Dobbin, the well-known auctioneer, disposed of all surplus articles at astonishing figures. Great credit must certainly be given to those seven little girls, whose ages range from five to fifteen years. Every one of them worked very hard to prove this grand fair a success. May this charitable example of those seven little girls who so nobly helped the sick and suffering be followed by others. The names of the Social Seven are: Miss Lizzie B. Odell, President; Miss Ray Stern, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Elsie Cohen, Miss Nellie Beilfield, Miss Ruby Shamburg, Miss Grace Phelps, Miss Bessie Stern. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cohen, Miss Stella Cohen, Miss L. Simons, Miss Sadie Goodman, Miss Isabelle Phelps, Miss L. Sternlein, Miss Flora Shamburg, Mr. L. Cohen, Mr. Joe Schattman.

Among the many chances taken on the different articles, we take great pleasure in announcing that the elegant French doll was won by Mr. Crury. A very fine box of Mail-lards' candy was won by Miss Bessie Stern. A handsome embroidered apron was won by Mr. Froelichstein. A grand pin cushion was won by Mr. Sternling. The black satin purse was won by Miss Nellie Beilfield. A beautiful pair of oil paintings was bought by Mr. Glass.

The proceeds of the fair will be about \$100, which we will bring into you as soon as we can settle the accounts. Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH SCHATTMAN, Manager.

Mrs. S. A. COHEN, Assistant.

## Success Attend the Effort.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find \$5 for your Free Doctor Fund sick babies. Success attend your effort to help and relieve the little ones in his name.

C. M. C.

Harlem, July.

## A Thankful Father.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am blessed with a healthy child and in gratefulness thereof wish to do my share for the poor sick babies. So here is my dollar.

A. CLECK.

## Their Weekly Collections.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

For the Sick Babies' Fund, \$1.64 collected. Nuf ced. We're too busy. B. L. Bnos., Men's furnisners, 45 Cortlandt street.

## Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story.

"Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## WINDOWS WORTH SEEING.

Beautiful Decorations Which Attract Attention to Low Prices.

The arrangement of goods in the seven great show-windows of the Bloomingdale Brothers' mammoth establishment, at Third avenue and Fifty-ninth street, is, as usual, a marvel of decorative art. The taste displayed by the dresser, however, excites no more surprise than do the wonderfully low prices at which goods of every grade are marked. Especially is this the case with dress goods and ready-made costumes, to which one of the windows is devoted. Some of the latter, made after the latest and most fashionable patterns, look fit for a princess, yet are marked at figures that place them within the reach of all.

The window devoted to millinery looks like a floral bower, with its birds and blossoms, and the trimmings of hats are as beautiful as the dresses. Everything is fashionable and reasonable, and this is also the case with the ladies' underwear, hosiery and notions, which fill the other windows.

The principal feature, however, is found in the window to the north of the main entrance. In this window the art of the window dresser may be said to have been exhausted in the production of a representation of the front of the United States Bank building, of which institution one of the firm, J. B. Bloomingdale, is Vice-President. This picture is made entirely of handkerchiefs of various patterns, so arranged as to give a very excellent representation of the building.

Third installment of "Blind Love," Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## Against the Field.

[From the Green Valley Republic.]

The New York Evening World is not only a progressive and newsy paper but intensely patriotic as well. Its edition on July 4 was printed in the National colors and brim full of news pertaining to "the day we celebrate." The Evening World against the field for enterprise.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read "Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

## WILL THE COLTS RACE?

A Good Deal of Bluffing Over Salvator and Longstreet.

The Dwyers Strain at the Size of an Added Purse.

Lots of Talk With No Apparent Satisfactory Result.

Relations between the Dwyer Brothers and J. B. Haggin are still severely strained, and turbulent in general find more interest in talking about the falling out of these prominent horsemen than in the races themselves.

Negotiations for a match race between Salvator and Longstreet have apparently hopelessly failed, although it wouldn't have been so difficult to arrange matters if both parties had been equally anxious for a race.

Each side agreed that \$10,000 was about the proper figure for the bet and Mr. Haggin expressed his willingness to have the race run for the \$20,000 alone.

Mr. Dwyer, however, insisted that the Association upon whose track the race was run should add at least \$5,000 to this stake on account of the additional attraction to the public such a race would offer.

The proposition was made to Mr. Withers, Mr. Haggin agreeing to anything that might be decided upon by the Judge. That gentleman, however, was of a decidedly different opinion from Mr. Dwyer regarding the public interest in such a match, and would not promise to add more than \$2,500 if the race should be run.

He made a proposition to this effect, but Mr. Dwyer would have \$5,000 or nothing at all, and refused obstinately to come down in his terms, and Mr. Withers was equally firm in his position, and after all the horsemen interested in the match had spent in vain an hour or two exerting their most persuasive powers upon the two gentlemen at loggerheads they gave it up as a bad job.

When Phil Dwyer heard that Mr. Haggin had offered to match Salvator against Longstreet, he was not at all surprised, for he said that he would start his colt any day in the week at that consideration, but this willingness on his part was not put into formal shape, and apparently has not with it in response.

Horse people are divided in their opinions regarding Mr. Withers's refusal to accede to the terms demanded by Mr. Dwyer, many of them holding that the Moonmouth Park Association could well afford to add the \$5,000, because the event would be of such paramount interest that it would double the attendance.

Others say that if Mr. Dwyer had been anxious to match his crack colt against the California he would not have made such a flimsy offer of \$2,500, but would have been willing to make the match on any terms that were equally fair to both parties.

There has been a good deal of outside talk by the principals, especially the Dwyers, who are reported as saying that if the match was run on the Brooklyn track that Club would add \$10,000.

In view of this statement everybody wants to know why the match was not made on that basis. Mr. Haggin, however, seems to have had no formal notice of any such proposition.

Mr. Mike Dwyer also sent a proposition to Mr. Haggin, offering to bet \$10,000 to \$5,000 that Longstreet would win the Stockton Stakes, and Mr. Haggin, in a letter, in which Salvator is entered at 125 pounds and Longstreet at 111.

Mr. Haggin has not yet been heard from on this point, and it is regarded as very doubtful whether he will allow Salvator to start under any circumstances at the weights proposed.

Another informal proposition of the Dwyers is to match Kingston against Firenze at \$10,000 a side for a mile and an eighth, but this has not been put in such a way that Mr. Haggin could not or did not refuse it.

The warring parties have not met since the disagreement last Tuesday, and each seems to hold aloof from the other as much as possible.

Mr. Haggin says that he and Mr. Dwyer are still the best of friends, as they always have been, and Mr. Dwyer remarked to his friends yesterday, with apparently deep sincerity, that he regarded Mr. Haggin as a thorough gentleman, and said he was sorry for the words which he uttered to Mr. Haggin on Tuesday.

Up to the present time, however, no apology has been offered in a formal way and matters are apparently about at a stand-off between the two.

Meanwhile the racing atmosphere is very windy and promised to continue in that state, until one side or the other gets tired of bluffing and calls his opponent's hand.

There is no doubt that the sporting public would like to see a match between the two famous colts, run on equal conditions, and be perfectly satisfied to see the best horse win.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read "Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Gen. Sherman's fortune reaches the modest amount of \$75,000.

Thirteen per cent. of all the men married in Pennsylvania last year took for their brides women older than themselves.

The late S. L. M. Barlow, the great corporation lawyer, had received during his lifetime several fees of from \$25,000 to \$100,000.

Gen. William A. Pile, who died at Monrovia, Cal., recently, was known as the "Fighting Parson." He left his only son in St. Louis to enlist at the first call for troops.

Lots of Things of Interest to Women in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Fell Out of the Window.

William Tuttle, sixty years old, fell out of the window of his residence, on the fourth floor of 315 Delancey street, early this morning and was instantly killed.

The regular use of MCKELL'S TERTHING CORPSEAL during febrile averts the diarrhoea. 25 cents.

## STEPHEN W. DORSEY IN CONTEMPT.

The Nevada Bank Has a Judgment Against Him for \$4,632.

Stephen W. Dorsey is in contempt of Court, and is liable to arrest therefor.

The Nevada Bank of San Francisco, has an unliquidated Supreme Court judgment for \$4,632.76 against the Arizona ranchman and ex-sterile contractor, and recently obtained an order requiring him to appear in Supreme Court and be examined as to his property.

Mr. Dorsey failed to appear, and Messrs. Shipman, Larocque & Claute, counsel for the bank, applied to Justice O'Brien, in chambers, for an order adjudging Dorsey in contempt and fixing him the amount of the old judgment.

Judge O'Brien said today of the possible arrest of the famous politician:

"The proceeding was an ordinary, formal one. The attorney for the bank presented their affidavit to me, making a prima facie case of contempt against Mr. Dorsey. I signed the order, and the Sheriff may arrest him if he does not 'up' his 'up' or show a sufficient excuse for his apparent contempt."

In a vast majority of such cases the defendant purges himself of the contempt by showing some good reason for his failure to appear in response to the summons of the Court. Mr. Dorsey may have been out of town or ill, or laboring under a misapprehension as to dates.

If he offers none of these excuses and fails to pay the judgment or submit to supplementary examination, he will be sent to jail. This, however, is very unlikely.

## TRADE EXPRESSIONS ILLUSTRATED.

[From the Outfitter.]

"Drive" in shoes and a "great snap" on pants.

A Checked Suit.

A Pair of Suspenders.

A "Cut" in Men's Trousers.

Summer "Pants."

Mrs. Ashton Dilke Writes of Women in English Politics in the SUNDAY WORLD.

NO INDICTMENT FOUND YET.

Considerable excitement exists among the employees of the Aqueduct Commission since it is learned that Commissioner Scott has been before the Grand Jury, endeavoring to secure the indictment of one of them.

Who the offender is and what his offense is a matter of wild conjecture on their part, and an uneasy feeling is the result.

Both Commissioner Scott and Secretary John C. Sheehan have testified before the Grand Jury, but neither will name the offender.

From all that an EVENING WORLD reporter could glean regarding the matter it appears that an inspector or clerk has been guilty of false pretenses in attempting to get more salary than he was entitled to for services rendered.

No indictment has been found against him yesterday and it is quite possible that the Grand Jury may refuse to indict.

Mrs. Ashton Dilke Writes of Women in English Politics for the SUNDAY WORLD.

BEATEN BY HER AUNT.

Mary Driscoll, a pretty thirteen-year-old girl, appeared in the Yorkville Police Court this morning, as complainant against her aunt, Catharine Driscoll, of 105 East Tenth street, whom she charges with assault.

Her aunt had been the subject of an angry gash which her aunt inflicted over a month ago. The aunt was fined \$300 bail to answer.

Mrs. Driscoll denied the charge.

Lots of Things of Interest to Women in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Ex-Judge Waterbury Gets \$2,000.

Judge Barnard has decided that Corporation Attorney Clark was right in refusing to pay ex-Judge Waterbury more than \$2,000 for his services in raising the claim of Assignee W. H. H. Forest for compensation for lands taken for the Aqueduct. Judge Waterbury wanted \$10,000.

A Disabled Trapeze Performer Dies in the Street.

Joseph Kress, a lofty tumbler and trapeze performer, who was compelled by illness to abandon his profession some years ago, died this morning on the sidewalk in front of 149 Ludlow street. He was thirty-one years of age.

\$50 GOLD WATCH \$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities, we can afford to offer at the above price and terms an elegant engraved hunting-case, stem-wind gold watch with the world-renowned P. R. Bartlett (Waltham) or L. M. Wheeler (Elgin) 15-jeweled movement. The easy terms and good value offered should be a sufficient inducement for every gentleman and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timepiece at such a very moderate cost. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY, 106 Broadway.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

## GEMS FROM HUMOR'S CROWN.

JEWELS OF WIT CLIPPED FROM OUR FUNNY EXCHANGES.

Assuming Too Much. [From Texas Siftings.]

Suspicious looking Individual (addressing a business man in Austin)—In New York eleven men represent \$200,000,000.

B. M.—Is that so?

"Yes. Now in Austin the wealth is not quite so much concentrated. We will assume that twenty of us represent \$100,000."

"Yes."

"We will also assume that you and I are two of the twenty."

"Well, then, how would it be if I wanted to draw out 10 cents from the capital stock of the syndicate; would you let me have it?"